



A NEW SONG,

Entitled and call'd

Great News in the St. JAMES'S CHRONICLE; or the Paper of Papers.

To the Tune of, *Nancy Dawson.*

OF all the Papers in the Town,
The Brown, the White, the Whity-brown,
Which News-Men carry up and down,
There's none like the *St. James's*.

What's in the *London Evening Post*?
Their Stars and Dashes all are lost,
No smart Italics now they boast,